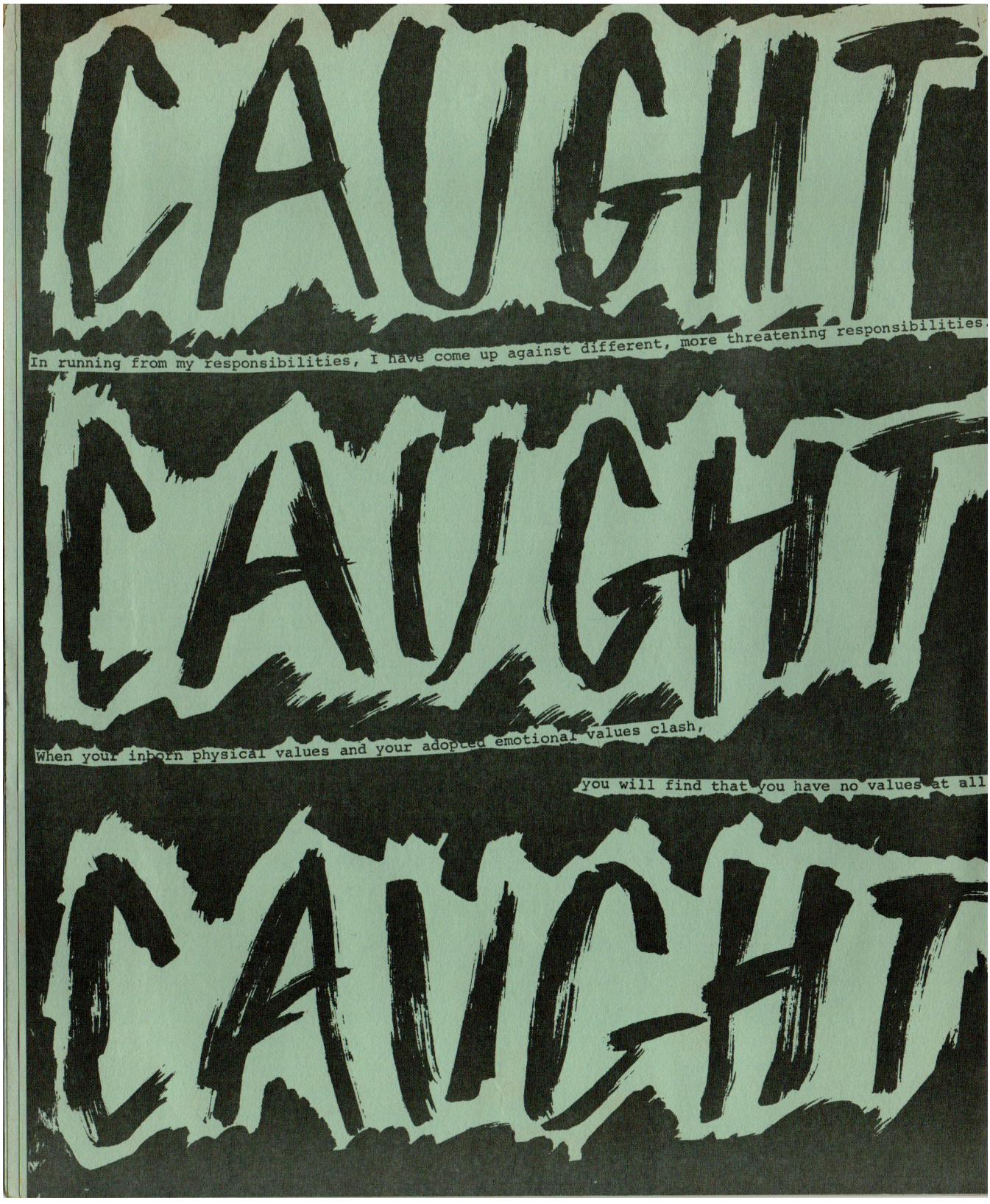
B TEAM

MINUTES: 81-82


CAUGHT
In running from my responsibilities, I have come up against different, more threatening responsibilities.
CAUGHT
When your inborn physical values and your adopted emotional values clash,
you will find that you have no values at all
CAUGHT

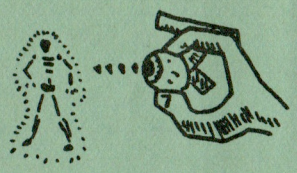
Organized reaction to general fascism tends to create a smaller, more isolated fascism.

FASCISTS CAN NOT FIGHT FASCISM
RACISTS CAN NOT FIGHT RACISM
BOREDOM CAN NOT FIGHT APATHY
AUTONOMY WEARS NO UNIFORM

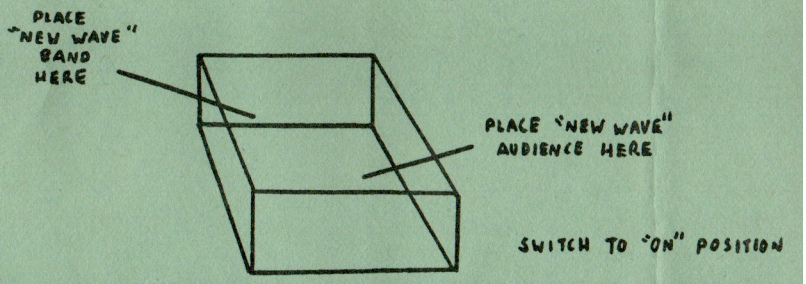
SEE THEM MARCHING - KINGS ROAD
SEE THEM MARCHING - ST. MARK'S
SEE THEM MARCHING - NOWHERE
PRIDE WEARS NO UNIFORM

YOU ARE INVALID
YOU ARE INARTICULATE
YOU ARE INFANTILE
ANGER WEARS NO UNIFORM

I WON'T WEAR YOUR UNIFORM
I WON'T WEAR YOUR UNIFORM



"NEW WAVE" CABARET



An addiction to entertainment

has been created.

Social parasites are bred.

FIGURE "A" has decorated his home with a collection of guitar picks, cigarette butts, nail clippings, kleenex and tampons which were previously owned by celebrities. He knows that these items are of little importance to their original owners, but he also knows that their presence figures more in those people's lives than his meager existance ever could. While he is oblivious to his immediate environment, he is immersed in the minutia of his idols' daily routine. Trivia is his life because his life is trivia.

Howard sat down within himself and lit an eternal cigarette, of which one end was permanently imbedded in his right lung. The other end unambiguously peeked out from between his sourly pursed lips, giving it the apearance of a normal cigarette.

I'VE FOUND MY RELIGION
ALL IS FORGIVEN
MY CRIMES OF COMPASSION
ARE GIVEN A CAUSE

MY STRENGTH IS YOUR EVERY WEAKNESS
MY STRENGTH IS YOUR EVERY WEAKNESS
MY STRENGTH IS YOUR EVERY WEAKNESS

YOU ARE A LEADER
I AM A LEADER
YOU FIGHT FOR MY FUNCTION
I FIGHT FOR MY MIND

ANSWERS TO CELEBRITY TRIVIA QUIZ

1) 6 c. in.
2) 10 c.c.
3) 36 in.
4) 7.03 in.

I have reached the concession stand, the bartering system becomes all. I have added brick after brick to my ever hardening metabolism. I still have nothing concrete to offer. Ambition is neither a skill or a tool.

IF MY FREEDOM CAME FOR FREE
I'D LIVE WITHOUT YOU HAPPILY
YOU'RE MY POCKET, CAN'T YOU SEE?
ALL YOU MEAN IS GREEN TO ME
I'M CAUGHT AND I DON'T LIKE IT

SINCE YOU GOT YOUR CLAWS IN ME
ALL I BUY, YOU BUY FOR ME
YOUR IN MY BREAD AND IN MY TEA
NOW I'D RATHER STARVE THAN EAT
I'M CAUGHT AND I DON'T LIKE IT

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WORKED AGAINST YOU
NOW IT SEEMS THERE'S NO DEFENSE
YOU TOOK MY MONEY AND MY LIFE
THIS PRICE I PAY YOU TO SURVIVE

I feel mock guilt for not contributing to a mock society.

I LIVE MY LIFE FOR PLEASURE
THAT I CAN NOT ACHIEVE
THERE IS SO MUCH TO MEASURE
BEFORE YOU CAN RECIEVE
WHAT MUST I SACRIFICE?

YOUR BEAUTY IS A PURCHASE
THAT I CAN NOT AFFORD
SEX IS A COMMODITY
THAT WE PREFER TO HORDE
WHAT MUST I SACRIFICE?

ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?
ARE WE GOING TO SAY IT?

IT'S HARD TO FIND FULFILMENT
THIS SYSTEM WE HAVE BUILT
YOU PUT UP WITH MY FOREPLAY
I SUFFER ALL THE GUILT
WHAT MUST I SACRIFICE?

1) MY JUDGEMENT WAS IMPAIRED BY...

- 0 Job stress
- 0 Sexual frustration
- 0 Intoxication
- 0 Holliday depression
- 0 Premenstrual tension
- 0 Racial friction
- 0 Social isolation
- 0 Culture shock
- 0 Dietary imbalance
- 0 Environmental imbalance
- 0 Over exposure to media

2) I...

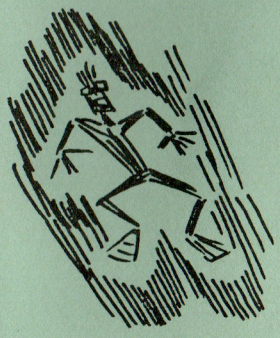
0 Am hypocritical	0 Schizophrenic
0 Am unwilling to make up my own mind	0 Manic depressive
0 Have nothing to say	0 Repressed

3) CAUSES

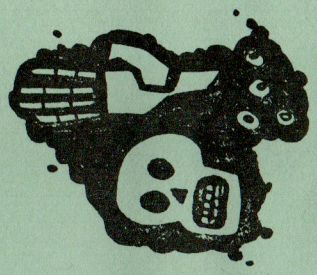
- 0 Parents
- 0 Education
- 0 Previous romantic involvement
- 0 Economic background

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE

- 0 Guilty
- 0 Not guilty



Now the spontaneous can be created by formulaic means. Everything must be broken down to routine. We feel nothing, we only evaluate each others' "performances".



You can not isolate yourself in a world where you ask nothing of yourself. You are asking too much of me.

THE LESS WE WANT TO TALK,
THE MORE WE HAVE TO BUY
WE HAVE TO LOOK AT PICTURES
COS WE CAN'T SEE EYE TO EYE
I WRAP YOU UP IN VELVET
I CAN'T STAND TO TOUCH YOUR SKIN
WE CAN'T GO OUT FROM INSIDE
WE BRING THE OUTSIDE IN

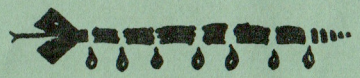
WE'VE GOT PINE SCENT IN THE STUDIO
WE'VE GOT A WATERFALL ON THE PATIO
WE WATCH THE ANIMALS ON THE VIDEO
THANK GOD, BABY
WE'VE GOT MONEY

MUST YOU ALWAYS TALK
WHEN I TURN ON MY STEREO?
I'LL HAVE TO BUY A HEADSET NOW
MY FUNDS ARE RUNNING LOW
I'LL HAVE TO BUY A WEAPON
BEFORE YOU INFILTRATE
WE'LL BLOW HOLES IN EACH OTHER'S HEADS
AS WE NEGOTIATE

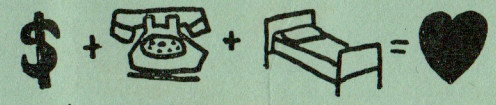
PREOCCUPATION IS OUR OCCUPATION
LIFE'S A VACATION
LIFE'S A VACATION

RATE MY PERFORMANCE
FROM ONE TO TEN
WE TEST OURSELVES
AGAIN AND AGAIN
THE STANDARDS ARE SET
NO REASON TO FEEL
THE OPTIONS ARE CLEAR
THIS LOVE IS REAL
FACADE
ATMOSPHERE - PERFECT
DIALOGUE - PERFECT
DELIVERY - PERFECT
BUT YOU FINISHED TO FAST
FACADE

(LIKE SITTING DUCKS SWIMMING ON WHITE WATER
THE CATTLE UNAWARE OF THE ONCOMING SLAUGHTER
TEMPORARY LEISURE FOR THE PLEASURE OF ANOTHER
YEARNING MORE EACH DAY FOR THE COMFORT OF THE OVEN)

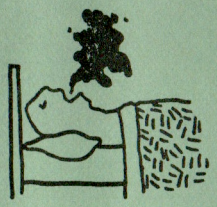


I peel my face from yours and see that it is the same. It is a family resemblance. We have become each others' infants, the patients and proprietors of a nursery where all the playthings have been broken. Of course, a creative child can turn any part of his environment into a temporary source of amusement. Electrical sockets are often quite tempting. We can play in our excretions untill the stench of our own malice and discontent drives us apart. I can not leave without making arrangements for a future play session.



He had been experiencing death throes for almost twenty years now. He had found himself tempted to join the corpse convention. If another dead decoration was added to the many that hung by their necks from every light post and billboard in the post-city it couldn't hurt. This was a charming motif and quantity could only increase the quali

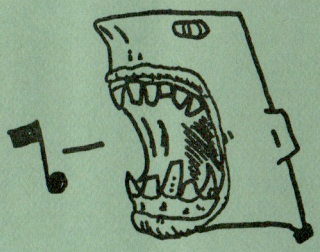
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF
SHUDDERS WITH LIFE
CRAWLS FROM HIS SHELF
THE ICE MAN THAWS HIS THOUGHTS AGAIN
HE'LL CHANGE, BUT NOTHING IS STRANGE
NOTHING DIFFERENT
ONLY DISARRANGED
ALWAYS STARTING FROM THE END



HISTORIA, HAIL HYSTERIA
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Survival is based on an understanding of the rhythm of c

DUST IN THE ATTIC, THIS FRAIL ANTIQUE
STRUGGLES TO THINK
THE MUSCLE CREAKS
DECAYING IN HIS PRIVATE ROME
HITLER HEARTS, MIDEIVAL MINDS
CRUSADES IN VOGUE
AND JUST IN TIME
A HOLOCAUST IN EVERY HOME



WE HAVE FAILED, BUT IT'S NOT THE END
WE STILL HAVE TIME
TO FAIL AGAIN
TIME MARCHES ON IN NAZI BOOTS
TIME MARCHES ON IN NAZI BOOTS

My efforts to be oblivious to this situation have isolated me from everything else. I do what I do not out of friendship but diplomacy. I have become so introspective that I am now completely onthe outside. I am looking at myself through a microscope. Through over analysis, I have become a complete enigma.

THE CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

WEAR THE RIGHT CLOTHES TO GET WHAT YOU WANT

The flies, at first, covered their bodies, then infiltrated and became their bodies... walking, people shaped masses of buzzing black... bones set in motion by millions of tiny muscles... not two eyes, but a million eyes.. eyes that saw the world as it really was, twisted and slick with mucus.

Human eyes filtered and distorted the image. The mind of man was flawed, not designed to deal with the fly's world. Only enough truth could seep into man's world to create the constant panic that kept him scraping his way to the end. At the end he would find, not release, but the final barrier.

The amusement man created was more trouble than it was worth. He clumsily stalked his fantasies in a world that had less substance than a bad joke. His skin was stupidly smooth and stuck to nothing. He was large and could only hide in large places. His size made flight improbable. He was a patchwork of rejected tissues, made to break. He was hardly an adequate meal for a fly. His extermination, however, was well worth the torturous process of digesting human flesh.

The people cities became homes for walking fly cities, which acted out human roles with a biting sense of satire. Skeletons, each animated by the millions of gloating, venemous insects that crawled apon them, experienced the entertainments that made human life joyous. If human ears had been present, the hysterical shriek of the flies would have been deafening.

photo by Vicki Berndt

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